

The face of death, however pleasant, is usually accompanied by a faint, acrid scent.



WELL HI THERE. THIS IS THE NARRATOR. WE TRUST YOU WILL ENJOY THIS LITTLE THING. 6

## LIFE AFTER DEATH

IT WAS DANIEL MOORE'S ALL BUT SUDDEN INTENTION TO END HIS ETERNAL MADNESS, ERASE THE CON-FUSION HE HAD ENDURED FOR SO LONG.

FOR SOME TIME HE HAD BEEN CONTEMPLATING THE HASTYLY NOVEL OF FINDING NO WAYER HOW OBSCURE HIS SELF WRITTEN DESTINY, AN ETERNAL REST, DEATH.

SO MUCH A PART OF HIM NOW THAT IT ENGULFED HIS PRIDE LEAVING ONLY DARK CONCEPTIONS TO CLOUD HIS MEMORY. AS A LIE, ATTRACTIVE AND PRACTICED MAY TURN TRUE IN THE MIND OF THE INVENTOR HE WILLINGLY BELIEVED IN HIS COWARDLY COMMITMENT AND WOULD CARRY IT OUT!

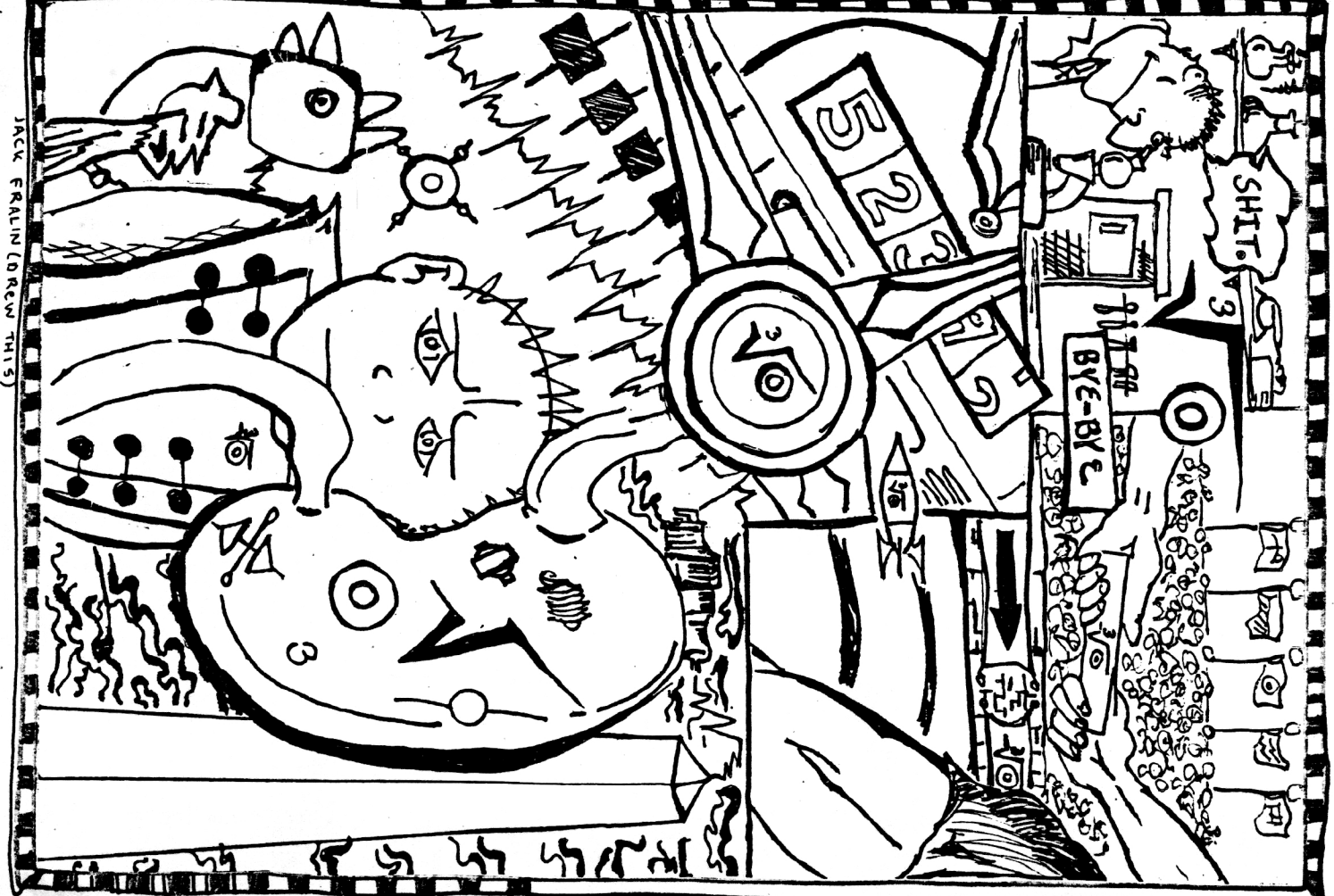
AS A CHILD HE USED TO SULK IN THE CLOSEST HE WAS ALONE IN THE PLAYGROUND OF HIS IMAGINATION. HE DREAMT OF VICIOUS CLOWNS AND FLAT KICK BALLS AND RELENTLESS TEACHERS WITH YARDSTICKS SLAPPING HIM.

HE WOULD DO IT THIS TIME. THE ONE THING HE COULD ACCOMPLISH. THE TAKING OF HIS OWN LIFE.

This strip by Bob Callin and Joey Ballard, who birthed ICONOCLAST comic. This story will continue in MISTER DONUT # 6

BUT JUST IN CASE YOU DONT, SIMPLY DIAL (804) 359-1958

JACK FRALIN (ORCW THIS)



A MAN IN A HAT WILL ANSWER. SAY TO HIM "THE KEN OF THE STARS IS THINE" CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.



# BIG SPACE COMIX



Ah...Hans..

My oldest freind  
Today will prove to  
be ever so joyous..

Why  
so..?

Pexer

Let me explain...  
Years before the first  
boat war had torn asunder the  
very fabric that bound our  
universe, I rode the stars  
as me yet, the only through  
all of the eons...

UNTIL.

HOY

Bli

I SPREAD MY SEED UPON THE STARS

WAA

WAA

WAA

I LOVE  
MY WIFE,  
YET I AM  
IMMORTAL

AS THE BATTLE seethe's  
into a BOILING CAULDRON OF  
DEATH, Hans/Peter slips ever  
DEEPER INTO HIS Fantasy WORLD.

BUT THEN!!!

Aha! The  
German Space  
Nazi armada.  
All ships to  
attack!

When I was a  
boy such things were  
unheard of. Every  
day I walked ten  
miles to school,  
past a fence hung  
with dead  
rabbits...

AAH!

It was the AMERICAN SPACE NAZI

FIRE

ARYAN SPACE  
WOLVES WERE  
UNABLE TO STEM  
THE TIDE OF  
INGLORIOUS WAR

F  
U  
D

RUMBLE  
RUMBLE

BOOM

WE ARE  
STRICKEN.  
YET MY  
BELIEF IN  
ASTROLOGY  
SHALL REMAIN  
UNSHAKEN.

DONUTS!

YET ALL WORLDS  
ARE PARALELL

AT MORE OR LESS THE SAME  
TIME, A HUGE EXPLOSION  
ROCKS 20 SQUARE MILES  
OF GERMAN COUNTRY SIDE

Hitler is Not  
in SPACE

AME





USING ONLY THE MOST UNUSUAL  
EXPERIMENTAL, CONTROVERSIAL, AND EXPENSIVE  
TREATMENTS IN MODERN MEDICINE  
THAT ENIGMATIC GENERAL PRACTITIONER...

# DOCTOR DAREKILL NUCLEAR PHYSICIAN

8:05 EXCELLENT! JUST ENOUGH SERUM  
TO CAUSE THE RASH TO FADE FOR  
TWO WEEKS AND THEN GET  
WORSE THAN EVER!

COME BACK  
IN THREE WEEKS.



8:45 LITTLE DOES HE SUSPECT  
THAT HIS BUSINESS  
PARTNER IS PAYING ME TO  
SLOWLY DESTROY HIS BRAIN.

SOMETHING STRANGE  
IS HAPPENING. IF  
ONLY I COULD  
FIGURE IT OUT.



10:00 DOCTOR, ARE YOU  
SURE IT'S NECESSARY FOR  
ME TO TAKE ALL MY CLOTHES  
OFF FOR THIS EXAMINATION?

CERTAINLY.  
HERE, LET ME  
ASSIST YOU.



8:00 DOCTOR, WILL THIS  
STRANGE RASH  
EVER GO AWAY?

ONLY TIME  
WILL TELL.



8:30 DOCTOR, I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND HOW  
THESE RADIATION TREAT-  
MENTS ARE SUPPOSED TO  
HELP MY STOMACH CRAMPS.

IF YOU KNEW THAT  
YOU WOULD BE THE  
DOCTOR AND I  
WOULD BE THE  
PATIENT.



9:30 EXCUSE ME NURSE,  
THE DOCTOR TOLD ME  
TO ARRANGE AN APPOINTMENT  
FOR FOUR WEEKS FROM NOW.

I'M SORRY BUT  
HE'LL BE ON A  
CRUISE THAT WEEK.



10:05 I JUST WANT  
TO MAKE SURE ALL YOUR  
PARTS ARE IN THE  
RIGHT PLACES.





By Russ

"Space is the life for me!" I screamed in our first furious jount around Ortega 2 with our new ship "Corn Pone."

Can this be real? I pondered as the last glint of ionozodes faded from the heated metal of our trusty jolopy. Or will we just barrel right on into heaven and foul things up real bad. I didn't know. At least here I was far, far away from life on mother earth.

"So what is art?" I asked Rollowe, my old drinkin' buddy and first mate. I got a kick out of taunting him with that one since he wasn't the type who read a lot of books. "You made sure to steer us clear of heaven didn't you Rollowe?" I blurted out, noticing that nervous twitch of his. On rare occasions he would peel oranges to cover it up. Today just happened to be one of those occasions.

"Well, that depends," he mumbled over his orange.

"Can what Rollowe? Do you think that artists are immune to heaven? Do you think that Buddha had to peel oranges? Is that what you think?" I knew then that I had driven him into a frenzy. "Who are you to assume that I prefer my oranges peeled instead of sectioned? And what would the President think if he saw you like this? AND WHERE IS YOUR DECENCY?"

At that, I plucked off my oxygen mask to show him that it was safe to breath the air. He did the same and was soon stretched out on the floor in front of me, sporting a deathly blue hue. I put both of our helmets on after a bit of frantic confusion over which one belonged to who, and took the controls.

Yes, Yes this is where I was meant to be. Space is the root of my art and existence. I revved up the engines--a twin thrust Jiffyshot extravaganza-- and left a space fume trail in our wake at least a mile wide. I then pointed the ship in the

direction of Kroat Minor in hopes of catching a glimpse of the fading embers of that recently defeated ultra civilization.

You see, there had been an attack force warning out earlier that morning that Rollowe and I had caught on our FM receiver. Unfortunately, Kroat Minor was the first to get it. Now, the fading embers of a recently defeated ultra civilization are not an every day sight on earth, so I knew that I had to have at least one look.

Our race across the universe was uneventful at best, and in no time we were cruising through the neighborhood of the once great Kroat Minor. The sight was remotely pitiful.

As we neared the edge of the city I caught sight of a number of floating chunks of mangled metal, and to my horror and dismay, I noticed that they were somehow alive. Then I knew, these were no mangled chunks of metal, they were rogue star fighters. "We've blundered right on into the Lulupician fleet!" I screamed as the lumbering hulk of our ill-fated "Corn Pone" collided with a star fighter, sending it careening into a pile of jumbled space scraps.

Rollowe woke with the distinct impression that we had, in fact, breached the pearly gates of heaven.

"Save the angels!" he wailed.

"Hit the deck!" I wailed back, stunning him with the orange. I then quickly brought the Lulupician leader onto the communicator screen.

"What is your moral obligation to the universe?" I said straight out.

"The matter of justice and morality is superseded by the will-to-force."

"Who makes holes in fish?"

"Socrates would have thought otherwise, as he was fond of philosophical phormalization."

"Where's the peet?"

"That question must be deferred

CON P. 21

LETTERS TO RUSS:

Let's have those letters folks. Do you people want help or not? All right, I guess I did forget to put my address in the last issue, but, but, but. . . Oh well, here it is--why not paste it on the fridge?

DOUGIE GENTRAL  
Dept. R.  
1028 W. Franklin St.  
Richmond, VA 23220

cut here

Dear Russ--

I am glad to see that your days of hormonal hijinks are a thing of the past. Imagine! From Freemount Academy to Mr. Lonelyhearts. Truly a success story!

Yours Truly,  
Mr. Clean

"That's everybody laughing at? This is the most respectable letter I've ever gotten. Do you think a letter has to be funny to be good? Do you think that? Why doesn't someone write me a funny letter so I can write something funny back? Well, anyway, let's send Mr. Clean a TV. He knows his stuff. HEC!

--Russ

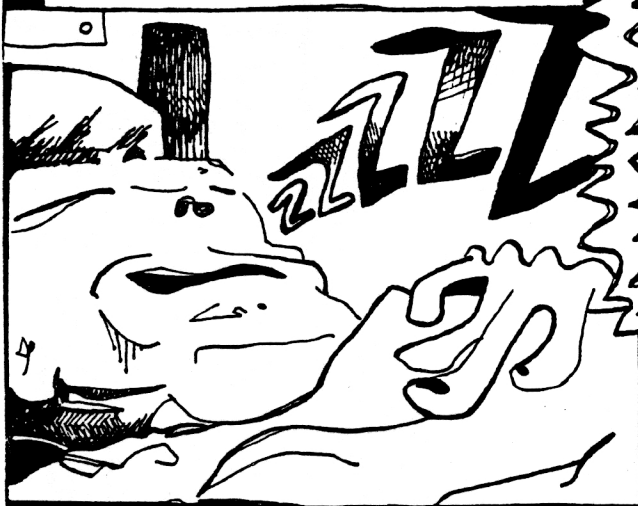


Cold and  
Frosty morning.  
Ground all covered  
With snow. Got no  
shoes to put on  
My feet. Frost  
gonna bite my  
toe.





YOUNG PAUL sleeps



BUT AT  
THE  
WINDOW  
AP  
PEARS



PAUL

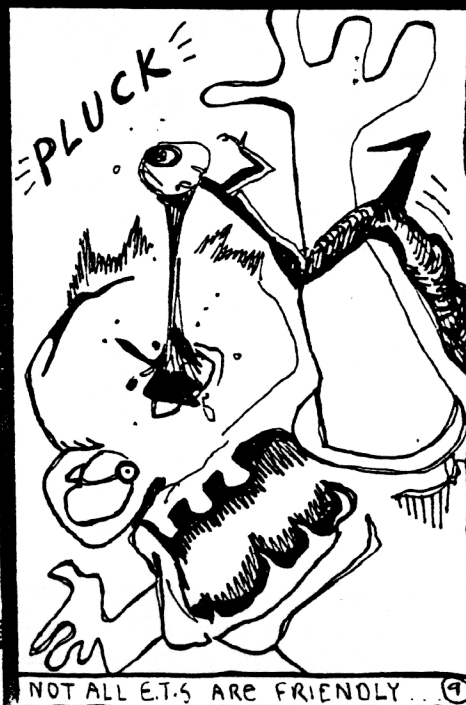
PAUL, YOU CAN FLY THE STARS. YOU, EARTHCHILD, ARE OUR ONLY HOPE. YOU MUST HELP AGAINST THE ZIRCOWIANS, TWO THOUSAND HAVE INVADED OUR SUB-SECTOR, ONLY YOU CAN FLY THE ZORG BARGE.



HUH?



TRUST ME PAUL ! WE POSSESS POWER BEYOND KNOWLEDGE !  
GO TO YOUR WINDOW PAUL ! JUMP ! YES JUMP FROM IT !!!



NOT ALL E.T.'S ARE FRIENDLY. ©

# Bill AND XyctH

By Bob Langston

Bill and XyctH were Best Friends - Bill Lived on Earth, and XyctH was From ColBouZa:

They were Best Buddies.

ALTHOUGH Bill was a Humanid and XyctH was a Android Life Simile, They Remained Friends While Pious People (Both Earthmen and ColBouZaens) ScoFFeD.

Bill taught XyctH How to Play Baseball...

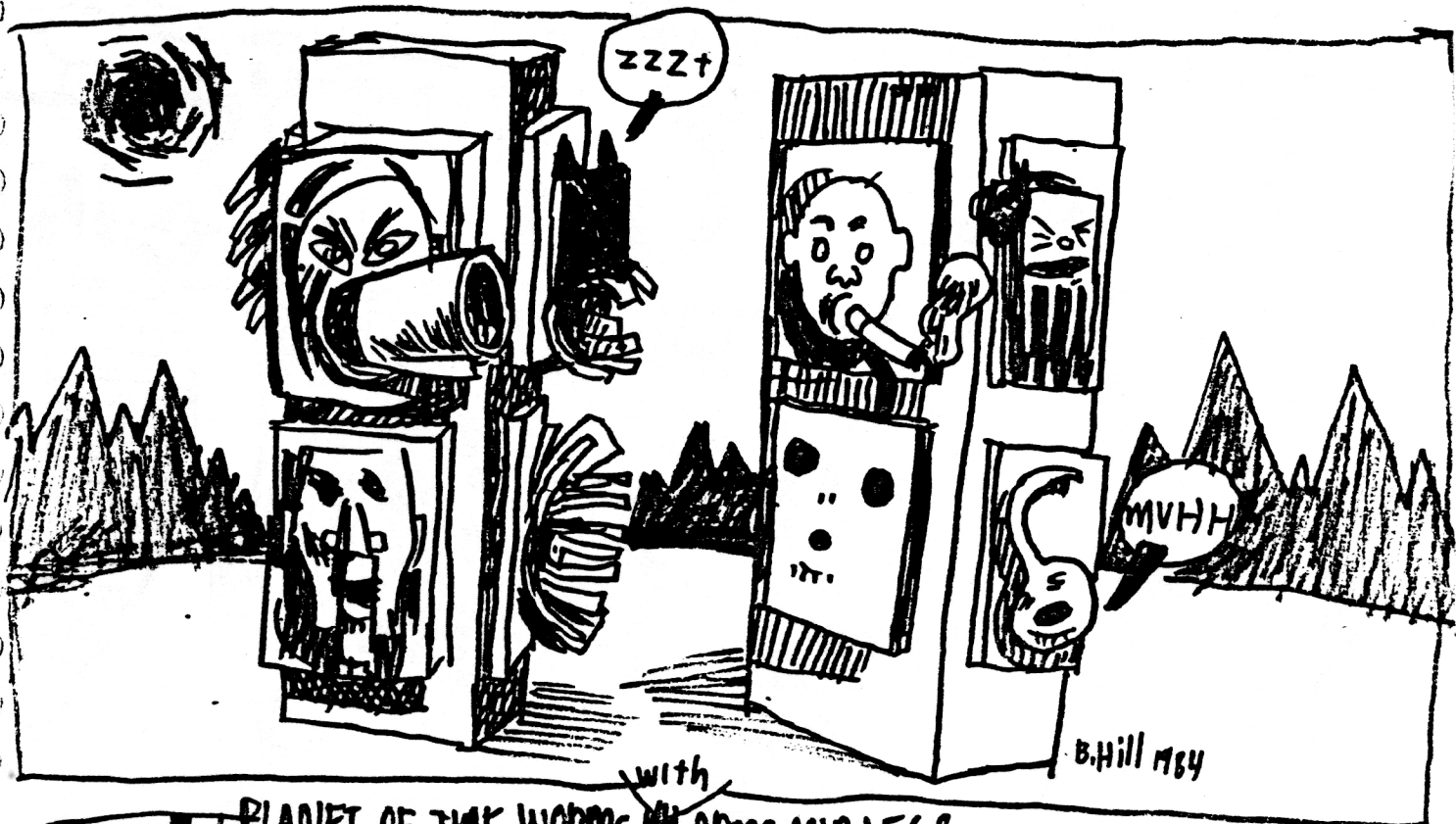
And XyctH Taught Bill The Fundamentals of Holographic Juggling. THEY WERE FRIENDS.

They would Fly through space in XyctH's very own ROBOET CRUISING Vehicle.

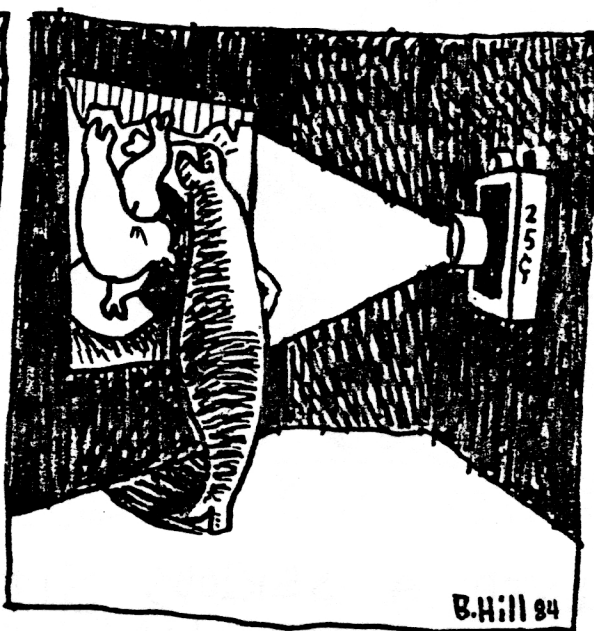
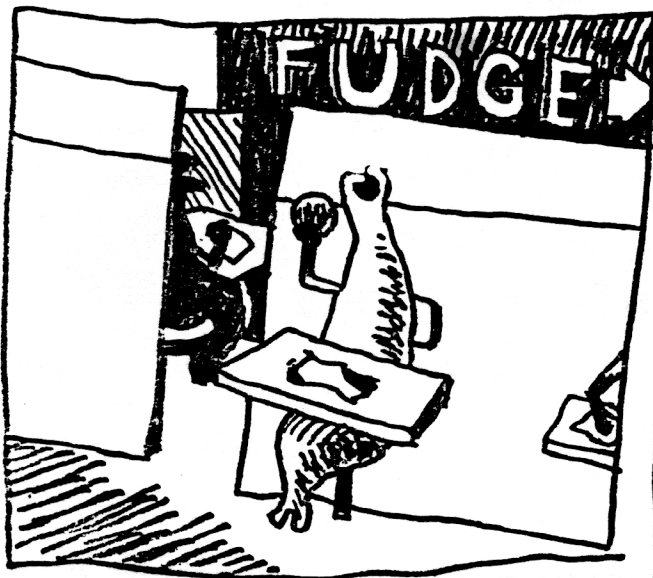
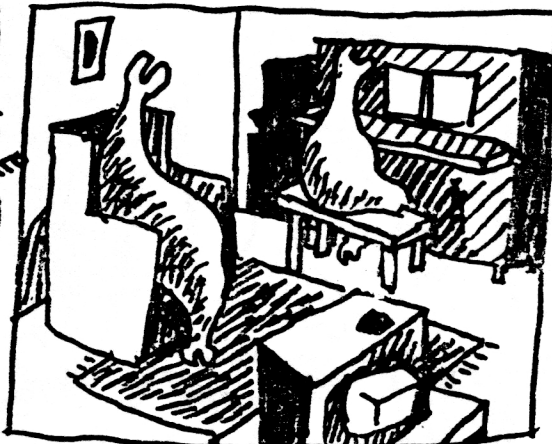
Bills Father didn't Like it, though. He screameD AT Him, and told Bill that No son of His would Be seen with a stupid Simuloid. But XyctH's Father encouraged The Friendship. WHAT A SITUATION!

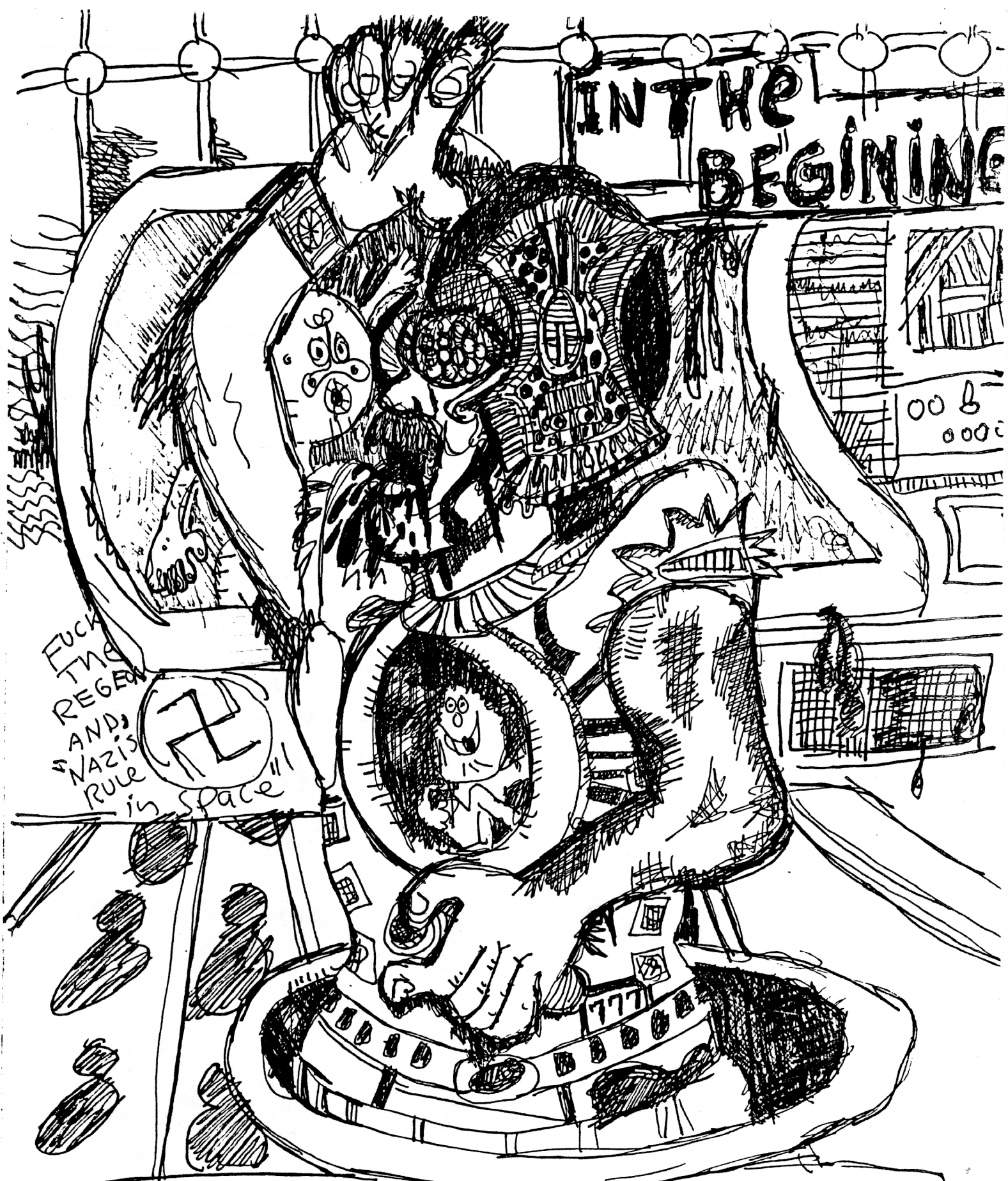
TO BE CONTINUED...





with  
PLANET OF TWO WORDS IN ARMS AND LEGS





In 1984 MARTIN BRADSHAW WAS ZAPPED INTO A SERIOUS SITUATION IN SPACE WHERE IT WILL NOW BE DEATH OR...  
[continued]

THERE WAS A SUDDEN  
JOLT, THEN A LAST LOOK  
AT LIFE AS MARTIN KNEW

BEEZZZZZ

THE RAY..

WHATS  
HAPPENING  
TO MY  
VISION?  
OOOH  
BLEACH

Help!!!

AND NOW HE IS TIME -  
TRAVELING TO THE WORLD  
OF DEATH AND DEATH...

VIBRATIONS

ALL DEAD RULE

Where am  
I NOW?

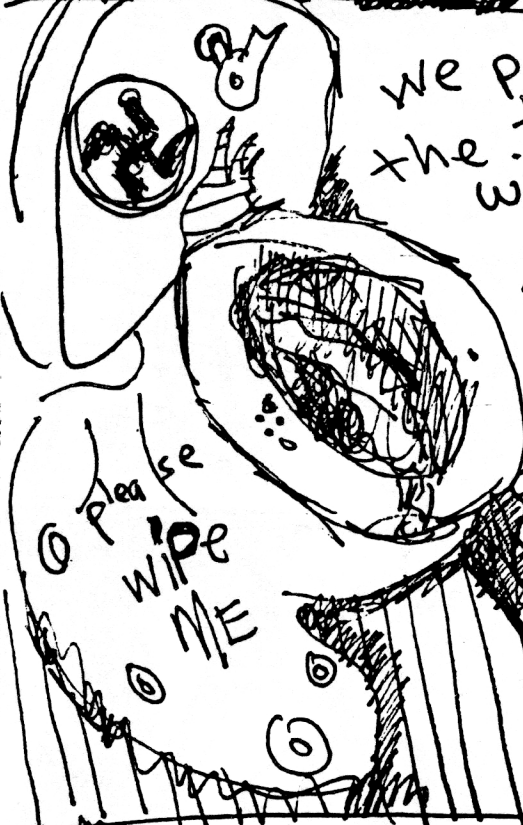
ITZIL THE  
LEAS  
FOR  
EVER



You Martin, will Fight  
to Destroy "the BACK FROM  
the Dead" Nazis, You will  
Learn how



Now go!  
Martin  
Bradshaw  
go, do  
it  
shir do  
it



We parted  
the  
with

COOL  
FACTOR  
of 75%  
Maggot  
Free  
SHIT  
BARS

Please  
WIPE  
ME



IM  
NAZI  
AND  
proud  
Say it  
louder  
IM  
NAZI  
AND  
proud

MARTIN will meet  
them threw the ass-  
hole tube to fortune  
by MATH



PAST  
TENSE

Woe

INTO "FISH PLANE" +  
Goes Martin...OH

we BE  
SUBPREME



COOOO  
OOOO

TUB AS STUPID

Tub  
Boy

Tub  
Boy

Tub  
Boy

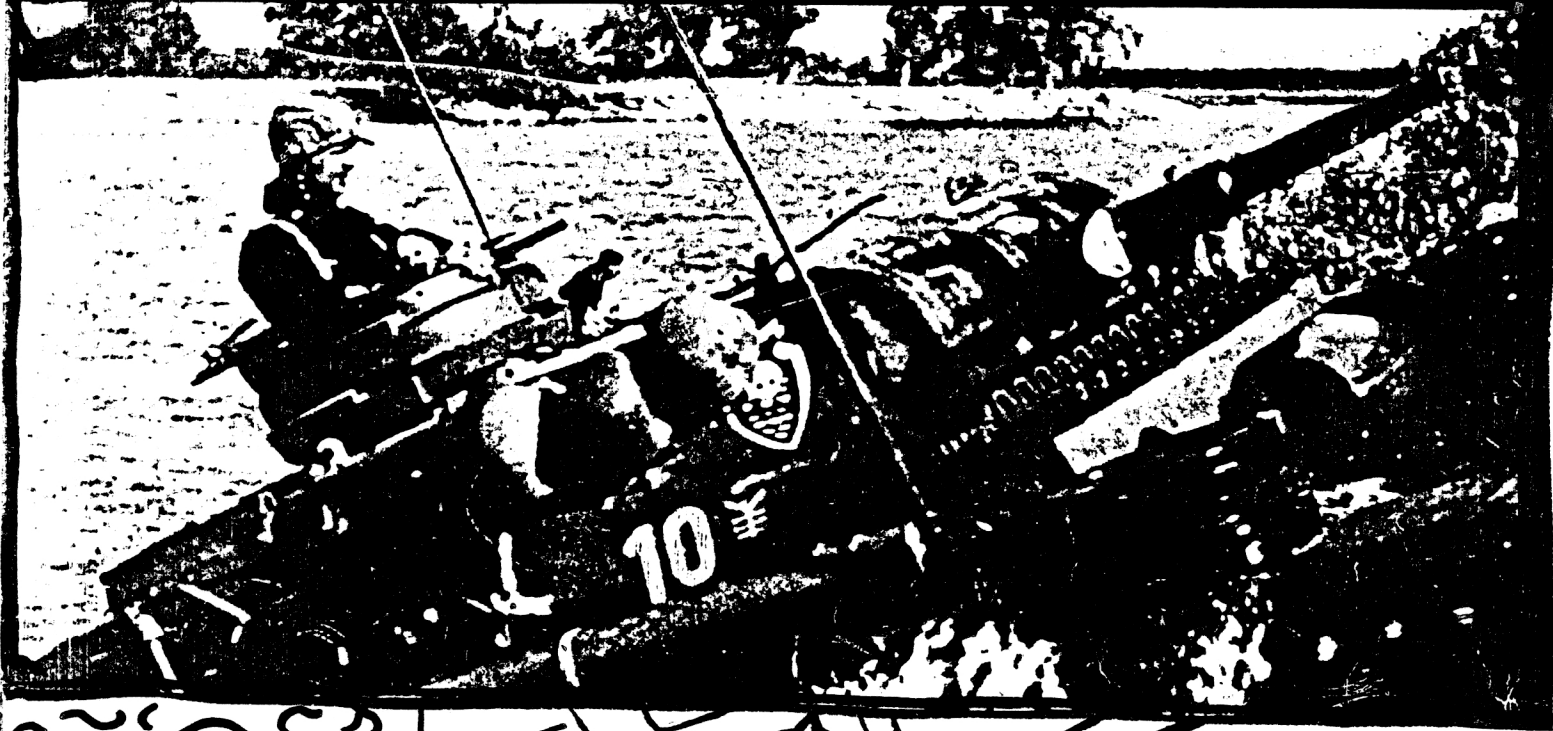
GO MARTIN  
SHOW THE  
DEAD NAZIS THAT  
THEY ARE DEAD  
SHIT FROM ABOVE  
AND BEYOND  
THE DAY

TELROY

CONTINUED  
NEXT  
ISSUE

ALRIGHT

# WORLD WAR II



THE PLUNGER  
IS TO BE  
RESPECTED.



JESUS Rose From the DEAD

AND YOU  
CAN'T  
EVEN GET  
OUT  
OF  
BED.

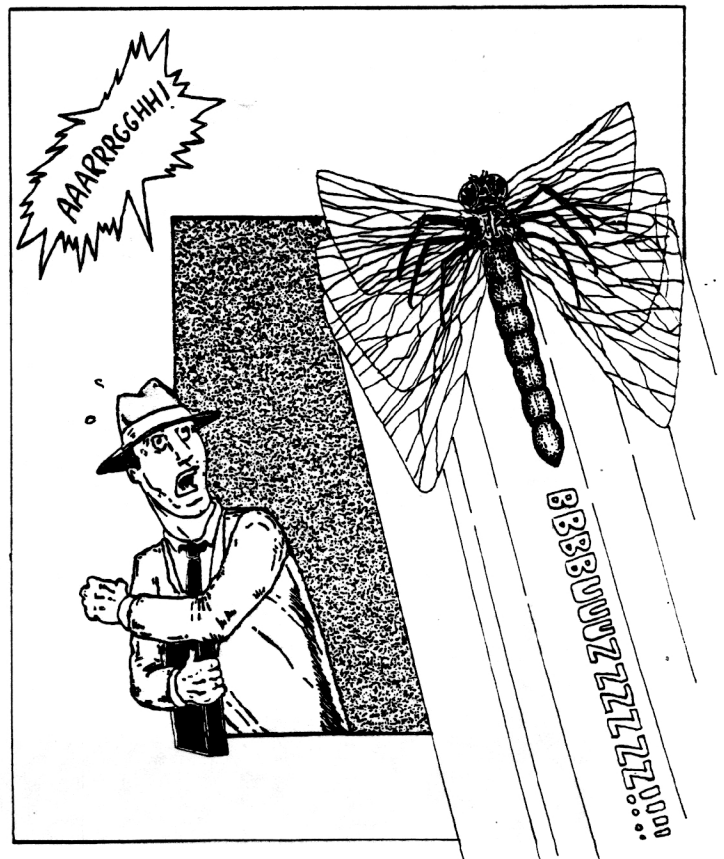
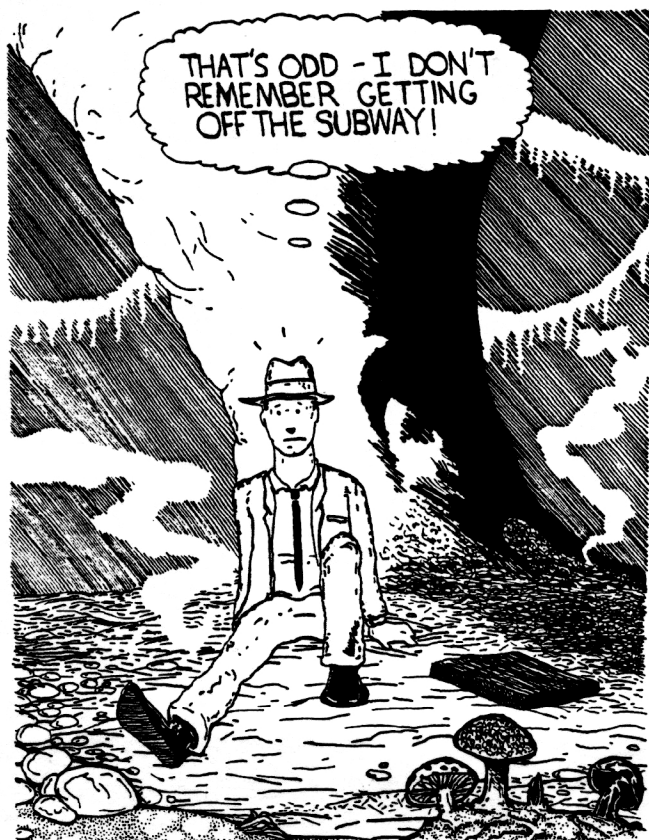
JACK CRALIN

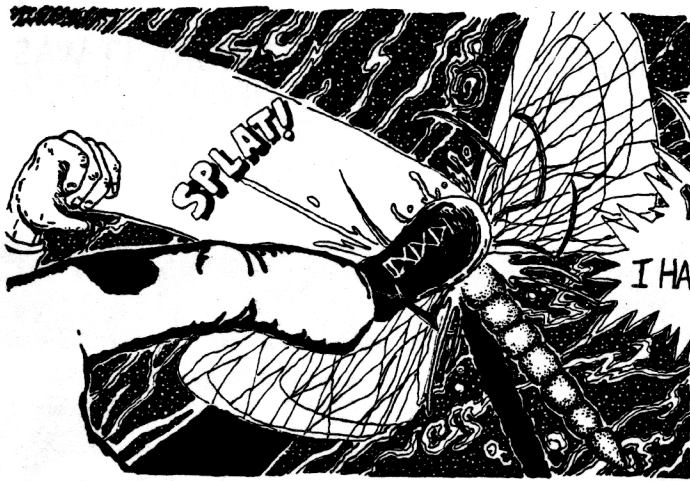


OL' JOE NORMAL WAS ON THE SUBWAY, ON HIS WAY TO WORK. IT WAS GOING TO BE A TYPICAL MONDAY OF CONFERENCES AND SHUFFLING UNDER-NEATH FLOURESENT LIGHTS. BUT JOE'S WORLD SUDDENLY TRANSFORMS -- WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MAN WITH NO IMAGINATION FINDS HIMSELF ---

# TRAPPED IN PREHISTORIC TIME?

ART/STORY © RICHARD MENUSTIK 1984





YUCH!  
I HATE BUGS!



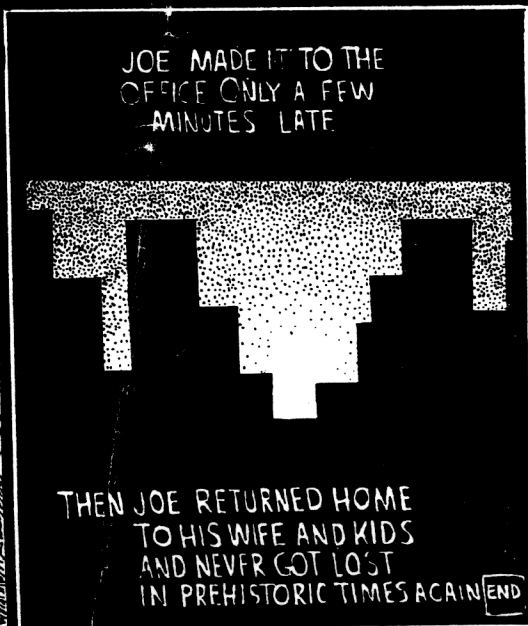
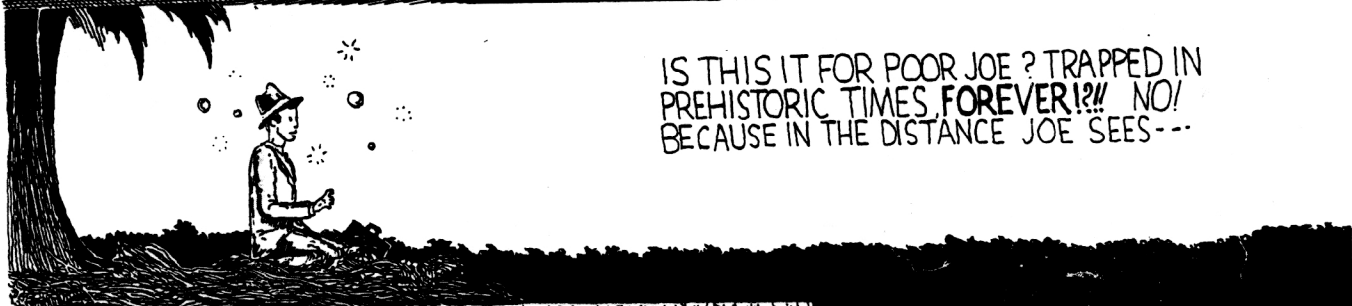
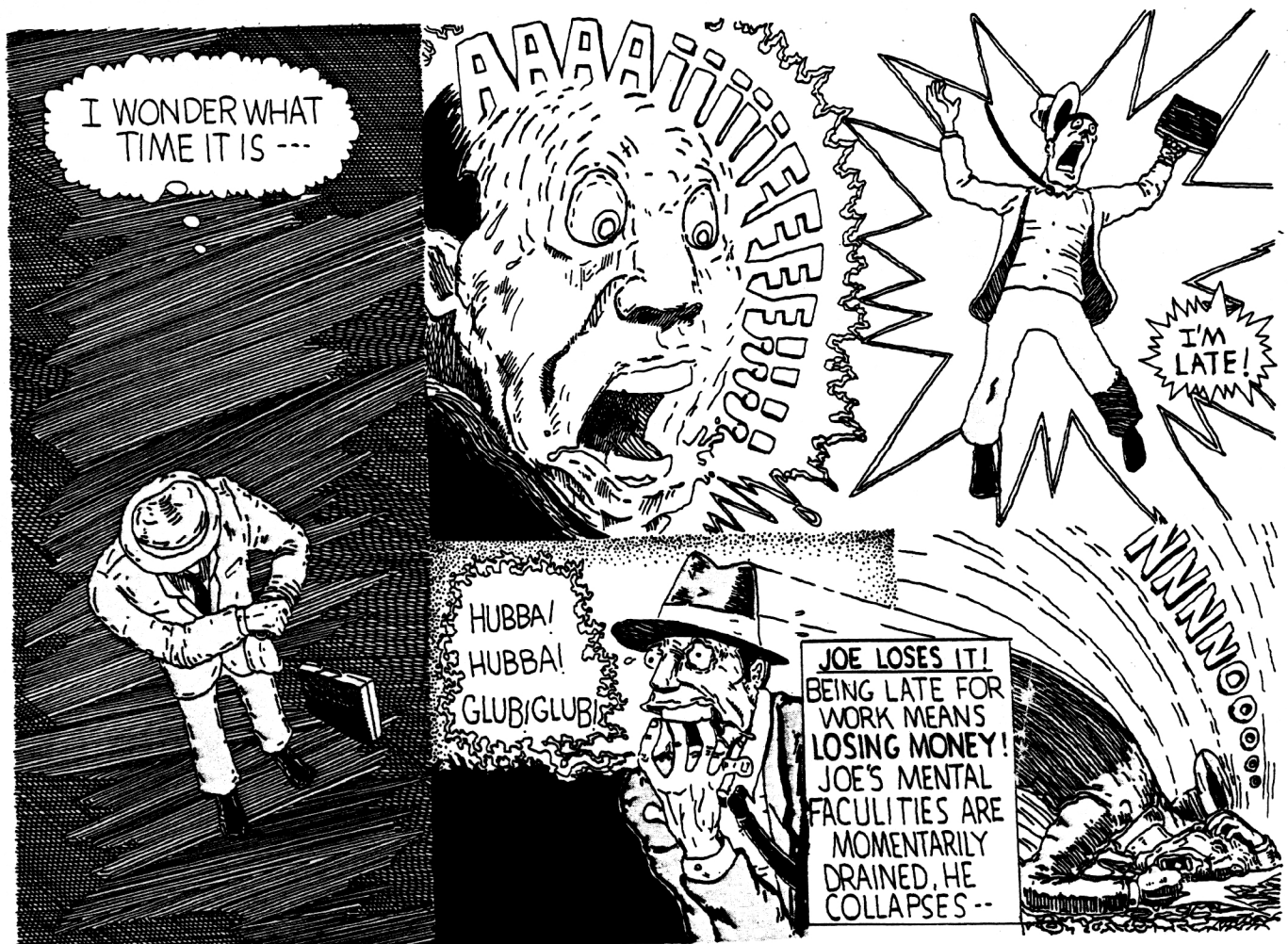
I'LL BE LATE  
FOR WORK!



GAD ZOOKS  
SNAKES!



THAT'S A  
BIG DUCK!







BUT IN RAZ-RAZAK'S LAIR

**DOGBOY**

WE LEFT OUR HERO. HE HAD SUMMONED THE DEMON LORD TO AID HIM IN HIS QUEST...



**SNIFF**

WELL, HERE WE ARE IN THE PIT OF DOOM

WHAT! I DETECT INTRUDERS IN MY PIT!

THE FACE OF THE GATORS OF TWILL!

A PRODUCTION



D. BROCKIE 1028 W. Franklin Richmond Va. 354-1958

SAVING MONEY ON DOG FOOD!



T. MCKEEMAN

CONTINUED FROM P. 7

to the pseudo-political factional subjugates."

"Who made thee, calomine?"

"Why is your friend ambling about like a cow?"

"That is two and four? What is six and eight? That. . . ?"

I swung around with a vengeance, hoping to strike Rollowe down again for making a mockery of our debate.

"Hail Mary, full in Space!" he bellowed, though, and I was thrown to the ground by the shock of what he had done.

"HAIL MARY!" he bellowed again before I could stop him.

As you know. . . few beings of any size, shade, or shape can ignore that sounding call and in an instant, the entire Pluluptican attack fleet was in full flight.

He had saved the universe.

But had I found art?

"Yes," said Rollowe.

NOTE: That in the hell does Rollowe mean?

